THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 9, 1801.

DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES *of the* PEACE.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT has been ſuggeſted to me that there are certain conſequences to be apprehended from peace, which have not yet been conſidered, and I cannot expreſs thoſe conſequences better, or more briefly than in the words of a lively lady of my acquaintance, who complains, or rather dreads, that we ſhall now have *nothing to talk about.*

Such an effect as this, you muſt allow, would be truly deplorable, for it is impoſſible to conceive a worſe ſtate of ſociety, than that in which men and women have nothing to talk about. I know not whether war, famine, and peſtilence, would occaſion more miſchief than this general injunction of ſilence. Nevertheleſs, I cannot help being of opinion, that the fears of the party who expect this conſequence from the peace, are ill-founded, and will, I truſt, be agreeably diſappointed. I can well remember that the ſame apprehenſions were entertained at the cloſe of the American war, yet two years after that event I was aſſured by the faculty that complaints of the lungs were as common as ever, and that a number of very worthy quiet gentlemen had become deaf in conſequence of domeſtic vociferation, which had not been at all affected by the definitive treaty.

When I look round the metropolis, I can ſee no ſymptoms of an approaching ſcarcity of ſubjects of converſation. We may not have ſo much Jacobiniſm to guard againſt, but we are likely to have the uſual proportion of crim. con. which is a ſubject of great converſation. We may not hear of bloody battles, but I truſt the uſual number of duels will be regularly ſerved up, as many gentlemen will have a conſiderable ſurplus

of courage left which muſt be put to ſome uſe, and this ſurely will be worth talking of. I don't deſpair too of ſome extraordinary matrimonial junctions, matters which every body talks about, becauſe every body underſtands them better than the parties themſelves. Elopements, too, from private houſes and boarding-ſchools, why ſhould it be thought that they will decreaſe, ſeeing that there will be no decreaſe of circulating libraries, and other materials neceſſary to equip young people for Gretna Green? But what is with me a very powerful argument in proof that peace will not be attended with taciturnity, is, that we are entering upon terms of amity and friendſhip with the French, a whole nation of talkers. I am confident that the addition to our talk will be immenſe from this very circumſtance, and that we ſhall learn to talk faſter, which will enable us to diſcuſs a greater number of ſubject in a given time.

Nor let us forget our public amuſements, which are always the ſubject of converſation, whether they deſerve it or not—the two theatres—the opera—abundance of concerts—and thoſe ſingular amuſements called routs, where the joke lies in cramming more people into a houſe than it will hold, and publiſhing the porter's liſt next day in the papers. Surely if talkers don't find ſome pretty pickings in all this, they muſt be deficient in the knack of gabble.

But, laſtly, let me obſerve that they who are apprehenſive of a decreaſe of converſation, ſeem not to advert to the "genuine and moſt approved" principles of converſation. If it were the cuſtom, as ſome think it once was, for people to talk only of what they underſtood, I ſhould be in daily terror of finding ſome one or other of my acquaintance ſtruck dumb; but as the very reverſe is the eſtabliſhed order, I cannot ſee the leaſt reaſon to apprehend a defect in the parts of ſpeech. The faculty of talking about matters one does not underſtand has been cultivated with great aſſiduity, and I think paſt experience may convince us, that with reſpect to politics and perhaps religion, it has been brought to great perfection by our reforming ſocieties and clubs. As, therefore, talkers are not interrupted by conſcious ignorance, and as we have no right to command a man to be ſilent merely becauſe he has nothing to ſay, I hope our fears on this head will be allayed, and I ſhall be happy if the few remarks here thrown out, may contribute to that happy effect.

I am, Sir, your's,
PEREGRINE PRATTLE.

P. S. I hear that a diſſolution of Parliament will ſoon take place. Will not that be worth talking about? Such an event has been generally thought conducive to *jaw*-work in every ſenſe of the word, and particularly in that ſenſe which we call *non-ſenſe*.

INTE-

INTERESTING TRIALS.

OLD BAILEY,

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1801.

THIS day came on the trial of James Leg for the murder of William Lamb on the 2d of October inſtant, by ſhooting him through the body at Chelſea Hoſpital.

Mr. Abbot opened the pleadings on the part of the proſecution.

The Attorney-General opened the caſe for the proſecution, and in the courſe of a ſhort addreſs detailed the facts in the moſt perſpicuous manner. He avoided every thing which could have had a tendency to rouſe the paſſions of the jury, and while he ſtated the facts, he ſpoke humanely of the unfortunate ſituation of the priſoner.

The firſt witneſs called for the proſecution was John Foſter, who ſwore—" I am a penſioner in the hoſpital at Chelſea. We are what are captains, but we are only ſerjeants. I know the priſoner at the bar; I have known him many years, and I knew the deceaſed alſo. On the morning of the 2d of October, I went into the apartment of the priſoner and the deceaſed; they both uſed the common-room. They had different bed chambers. —There are four different bed chambers adjoining the common-room. As I was going down ſtairs, I heard a noiſe. I ſtopped on the landing; I heard a piſtol diſcharged, at the diſtance as I concluded, of ten or fifteen yards. I went into the room, and I ſaw a dead man lying on his back, with blood running down his ſide. I ſtood in amazement. The priſoner at the bar came from his bed chamber, and ſaid, 'I have done it.' I had not ſaid any thing to him before that time. He ſaid twice over, 'I have done it.' He came then from his bed-chamber, and he had in his hand a piſtol, which I took from him. I examined the piſtol, and it was diſcharged. Looking about the room, I ſaw a broken piſtol lying on a cheſt of drawers. Another perſon, of the name of Coates, came into the room. The Serjeant-Major, M'Kenzie, came and ordered the priſoner into our cuſtody. The broken piſtol was then examined: there had been ſome priming in it. I put in the ramrod; I found a ball in it. I took the ball out, and ſome paper on it, but there was no powder in the piſtol. The priſoner demanded the piſtols which I had taken from him; he ſaid he had bought them, and he ſaid he wanted to lock them in his own room."

Mary Lamb ſwore—" I am the widow of the deceaſed. On the 2d of October I got up in the morning a little before ſeven; I had ſlept with my huſband the over night. I ſaw the priſoner at the bar walking about the room, and I obſerved that he was

ſwearing, and apparently in a very ill-temper. He was in the common-room. I aſked him what was the matter; he told me he would turn me out of the room if I ſaid another word. My huſband was then in bed, and aſleep, as I thought. I then looked round to ſee if my huſband was ſtirring, and it appeared that he was. The priſoner then ruſhed upon him, and forced a piſtol into his hand: the deceaſed ſaid, 'What is this for?' and threw the piſtol away into the common-room.—My huſband was then dreſſing himſelf. The priſoner ruſhed up towards the door of my huſband's apartment, and fired at him, and then looking at me, ſaid, 'I have done it.' Upon which I cried out 'Murder!' My huſband fell directly, and never ſpoke, but expired. I ſaw the whole of it. The priſoner had been in the hoſpital four or five years, I believe. God knows what ill-will there was between him and the deceaſed. The priſoner always appeared to me to be a ſolid man. I took him to be as ſolid as poſſible."

Charles Coates ſwore, "I went into the room of the deceaſed the morning of his death. He lay on his back, and was quite dead when I ſaw him, for he never moved either hand or foot. After I had looked at the body, the priſoner came to me towards the bed-room, and began to ſay ſomething of which I cannot repeat poſitively the words, but he ſaid 'I am the man, or the perſon,' or to that effect. I aſked him immediately why he ſhot the man, and he ſaid to me, to the effect I have ſaid—I underſtood him, from his own words, 'that he had done it.' When I ſaid, 'Good God, you have killed him; he is quite dead, how could you do it?' he ſaid, 'I gave him a piſtol for him to fight like a man, but he threw it down and I fired.' When he firſt ſpoke, he was ſo little agitated, that I could almoſt have thought he was joking with me: afterward he walked up and down the room, and appeared much more agitated. He ſaid a little more to the effect I have already ſtated. I heard him ſay, 'I am ſatisfied with it.'

Mr. William Norton, the ſurgeon of Chelſea Hoſpital, ſwore that he examined the body of the deceaſed after his death, and obſerved that a ball had entered his left ſide, and paſſed through one of the veſſels of the heart, which unqueſtionably occaſioned his death.

Being aſked what he thought, from his experience of the diſpoſition of the priſoner, was the ſtate of his mind at the time of this event, he ſaid, "I never obſerved any thing in the conduct of the priſoner at the bar, to induce me to believe he was deranged—I never had the leaſt idea of it—I had known him for ſeveral years."

The priſoner being aſked what he had to ſay in his defence, ſaid, "My Lord, from repeated inſults, I prepared a caſe of piſtols, according to what I had mentioned to him, which was merely

merely that I ſhould be prepared at any time he choſe to make an end of the quarrel between us, which was to be on the 2d of October; on which morning he in a tyrannical manner, came out. I told him I was prepared with a caſe of piſtols, and I would give him a choice of the two, and retire to the other end of the room. I ſhewed him the piſtols, handed them to him: ſays I to him, 'Take your choice of the two;' on which he violently ſnatched it from my hand unfairly; on which I cocked the piſtol I held in my hand, and fired at him, and ſhot him. Had he done as a ſoldier ſhould have done, taken the piſtol fairly from me, and made a proper agreement to retire to the other end of the room, and his proper diſtance, then every thing would have been done in a proper manner, and our diſpute would have been honourably decided; but he was a tyrannical man, and by his turbulent temper, and from his repeated inſults to me, he made me hazard my life, in order to ſilence or to moderate him."

Mr. Juſtice Heath.—"Have you any witneſſes?"

Priſoner.—"Not one; no other perſon was preſent but the deceaſed's wife."

Mr. Gurney conducted the priſoner's defence, which was ſet up by the priſoner's friends—that the priſoner was deranged. For this purpoſe, a tobacconiſt, of the name of Joſeph Ryland, and a nurſe of the hoſpital, of the name of Ann Grant, and her aſſiſtant, Mary Ann Berkley, were examined, and they ſaid they thought he was out of his mind; but the inſtances they gave as reaſons for being of that opinion, amounted to nothing.

Mr. Juſtice Heath ſtated the caſe to the jury, and obſerved that a clearer caſe could not exiſt than this againſt the priſoner, unleſs it appeared that he was actually inſane at the time the act was done, that is, under ſuch a derangement of mental faculties as no longer to be conſidered as a moral agent, accountable, or capable of being accountable to God or man for any thing he did; whether he was or was not ſo, was the only queſtion for he conſideration of the jury upon the evidence, for as to the fact and the death, they were beyond doubt, and they were indeed avowed by the priſoner himſelf. Upon the ſubject of inſanity, the learned judge ſaid, the proof ought to be quite clear before it could be received as an excuſe, otherwiſe the moſt enormous crimes might be committed with impunity—however, when clearly proved, it was a complete excuſe. The jury would conſider how this caſe ſtood in all the particulars of the evidence, which the learned judge then recited accurately, and commented upon with great ability.

The jury found the priſoner Guilty.

The recorder then proceeded to paſs the awful ſentence of death upon the priſoner; in the diſcharge of which he ſaid he felt it to be the moſt painful duty he had ever experienced, to

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ſee an old man, who had rendered ſervices to his country, found guilty of the heinous crime of murder, and whoſe grey hairs ſhould have taught him wiſdom, prudence, and diſcretion, and ſaved him from the miſerable end which awaited him. He then ſaid, "The Court doth order and adjudge that you James Leg, be hanged on Monday, November 2, 1801, until you are dead, and afterwards your body be given to the ſurgeons to be diſſected and anatomized."

The recorder was much affected while pronouncing the ſentence, which he concluded with "And the Lord have mercy on your ſoul!" To which the priſoner replied—"Amen!"

He was then taken from the bar.

The priſoner throughout the whole trial behaved with the utmoſt calmneſs and compoſure, and on receiving his ſentence he diſcovered no ſymptoms of agitation. His appearance was extremely decent and venerable; about 80 years of age.

The court was crowded with ladies, whoſe curioſity was excited to hear this trial and the following one.

Murder in Clement's-Lane.

RICHARD STARK was tried upon an indictment charging him with the murder of his wife, on the 17th of this month, by giving her divers blows, kicks, and daſhes againſt the floor, of which ſhe died on the following day.

This proſecution was inſtituted by the pariſh of St. Clement Danes, wherein the act was committed, and the proſecution was conducted by Mr. Knapp.

Sarah Paſquin ſwore.—"I live at No. 1, the bottom of Clement's-lane, at a common lodging-houſe. I had the two pair of ſtairs room on the right hand ſide. The priſoner and his wife lodged in the three pair of ſtairs on the left hand ſide; on Saturday the 17th inſtant I had been out at work, and came home about a quarter before eight at night; juſt after I came in, the deceaſed came in to me; ſhe was ſober, for all that I know; I do not know what the ſtate of her health was, but ſhe appeared to me to be very well. She came in and out to me ſeveral times, and ſhe went up ſtairs to her room. I believe the priſoner came home about twelve o'clock at night; it was on Saturday night. The man was very ſober. At half paſt eleven I had ſeen the deceaſed lying on the bed with a child in her arms. She was lying on the outſide of the bed with her cloaths on. She was aſleep at that time certainly, and her child too. When the priſoner came home, which was about twelve o'clock, he went up ſtairs, returned preſently, and came to me and aſked me for a bit of candle to light him, and I gave it him. He went up ſtairs towards his own room, and went into it. In a few minutes I heard the child and her cry out. The child was at her breaſt.

I heard the child cry out, and the deceaſed cry out; but that was nothing new to me, for I had heard them cry out very often before. I did not hear what the words were. I was waſhing; and continued at it for a few minutes, and heard a continued noiſe, which induced me to go up ſtairs. She was crying out not to beat her, and for him not to uſe her ill. I went up ſtairs when I heard the noiſe continued. Their room door was juſt ſhut together as uſual. I aſked them to open it, but I cannot tell the words I heard: but he was ſwearing at her. The priſoner opened the door directly as I came to it, and then I went in and begged of him not to beat his wife, for he was beating her at that time, after I went in; I am ſure of that; I do not recollect whether ſhe was ſitting on the bed then or not. He was beating her about, but I cannot ſay whether with his open hand or fiſt. She was not crying out then, but ſhe begged of him not to beat her, for ſhe would talk to him in the morning. He ſaid ſhe had pawned his breeches, for I aſked him what ſhe had done. I told him to look over it, and forgive it, and not to beat her. I deſired the deceaſed to go down ſtairs with me, which ſhe did: ſhe came after me. The priſoner followed her directly. I got into my room, and the deceaſed was juſt entering my room when the priſoner knocked her down; he ſtruck her on the head, and the blow brought her down. I ſpoke to the priſoner, 'For God's ſake do not beat your wife in my place, for I will not have it done.' He told me to turn her out; he began kicking her when ſhe was down; I deſired him not to do ſo, but he continued it, but not a great deal. Then I took her up by her two ſhoulders, and her appearance frightened me, for ſhe trembled very much. I then begged him to take her up ſtairs. She had a great deal of hair and it curled, and no cap on; he took her by her hair and dragged her out, and threw her down again, daſhing her head againſt the floor; he did that once or twice. He kicked her very much on the floor. She got up ſomehow, but I do not know how, for I was then calling for aſſiſtance, but nobody came. She got up the ſtairs ſomehow or other.

Mrs. Paſquin continued her narrative. She told the court that ſhe went up ſtairs immediately after the deceaſed. "The priſoner went up ſtairs at the ſame time. I helped her on the bed. She fell rather heavily on the bed. I covered her over with a blanket. I begged the priſoner not to ſtrike her any more: for that I could not come up any more, but I ſhould cry out for the watch; I came down, and I heard no more at that time. I came into my own room, ſhut my door, and went on with my waſhing again. I afterwards went to bed. I do not know whether it was two or three, for I was obliged to get up to iron. About a quarter after ſix, as I was ironing, I ſaw the priſoner again, he paſſed by my room door, he ſaid 'good morning to you,' or ſomething or other of that ſort, and afterwards my little girl went up into the room, and

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came down again, and in conſequence of what I heard from her, I went up ſtairs directly, which was about a quarter a paſt ſeven. I called 'Stark, Stark!' but nobody anſwered. I thought then ſhe was aſleep. I went to Mrs. Terry, who lodged on the ſame floor with me, immediately under the priſoner's room; I communicated what paſt to her, and went then to my work out of the houſe. I never ſaw the deceaſed again till the day after."

This witneſs underwent a long croſs-examination by Mr. Ally, the priſoner's counſel; the object of which was to ſhew, that the deceaſed and the witneſs were accuſtomed to exceſſive drinking together; but all that was denied, and the endeavour came to nothing.

Mary Terry corroborated all the circumſtances related by the laſt witneſs, ſhe having heard them all from her room, which was below that of the priſoner, and added that ſhe heard the deceaſed ſay, "Stark, beat me no more to night, for God's ſake, if I have done wrong let it alone until to-morrow." She heard the priſoner go down ſtairs about a quarter before ſeven, for ſhe knew the ſound of his foot. In conſequence of what ſhe afterwards heard, ſhe went up ſtairs at ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, into the room of the deceaſed. She found her lying on her left ſide, and the child ſucking her left breaſt. She put her hand to the cheek of the deceaſed, and found ſhe was dead and quite cold. She had her gown, petticoat, and ſtays on, but no cap or handkerchief, and no ſhoes or ſtockings. She was covered with a blanket. She examined her, and on her temple there was the print of a ſhoe; her right and left ſide, and legs, and feet, were very black, and the ſkin was off her ſhins: the top of her noſe was almoſt bit off, on which appeared to her to be the mark of teeth. She was from head to foot all over bruiſes, as far as the witneſs ſaw; but ſhe did not ſtrip her.—There was not any part of the body which the witneſs ſaw, bigger than the palm of her hand, that was free from bruiſes. The witneſs then added, upon a queſtion being put to her—upon my oath, as I mean to ſpeak the truth, ſhe was with me at ſix o'clock on the Saturday night, and drank tea with me, and was then quite ſober. She was with me again at half paſt ten, and ſhe was perfectly ſober. She had been at work all day. She was perfectly ſober, and had no appearance to the contrary. I know Mrs. Palquin, the witneſs. She was not drunk that day. I am ſure of that: I was perfectly ſober too.

It then appeared by the evidence of Mr. Crowther, and of Mr. Andrews, two ſurgeons who examined the body, that the blows and kicks, and external violence that appeared on the body correſponded with the internal injury which was the cauſe of the death.

The conſtable who apprehended the priſoner, ſaid, he found him near Lincoln's-inn-fields, and on aſking him how he came to uſe the poor woman ſo, he ſaid he had no intention to kill her.

The priſoner's counſel called three witneſſes in his defence, whoſe evidence tended fully to ſubſtantiate, in place of contradicting, the evidence for the proſecution.

On being called on for his defence, he attributed his wife's death to the conſequence of her falling againſt a bed-poſt in the room of Mrs. Paſquin; ſaid that ſhe was much intoxicated; and that ſhe had pawned his breeches, which was the cauſe of his ſtriking her.

The priſoner's defence being cloſed, the learned judge ſummed up the evidence very clearly, although ſhortly, recapitulating the ſtrong points of the evidence as it made againſt the priſoner, and contraſting it with his defence. His lordſhip then proceeded to lay before the jury his opinion of the law on the ſubject. "The law of homicide," his lordſhip obſerved, "diſtinguiſhed between malice aforethought and ſudden paſſion." If the jury were of opinion that, from the conduct of the priſoner, the interruptions he had met with, and the repetition of his blows and cruel uſage after a ceſſation, and that he had time to reflect, his crime was that of deliberate malice, they would find him guilty of wilful murder; if, on the contrary, they could poſſibly ſo interpret the evidence as to conſider his conduct as influenced by ſudden paſſion only, they would find him guilty of manſlaughter.

The jury, after a few minutes' conſultation, without going out of the box, brought in a verdict of—Wilful Murder.

The learned judge immediately paſſed ſentence on the priſoner—that he be executed on Monday morning, the 2d of November, and that his body be given to the ſurgeons to be diſſected and anatomized.

The priſoner ſeemed very much affected with the ſentence.

ANECDOTES *of the* CITY *of* PETERSBURG.

[From Storch's "Picture of Peterſburg."]

(Continued from Page 344.)

THE hiſtory of the Engliſh congregation is briefly this. At a meeting held by the Britiſh factory at Moſcow, April 30, in the year 1716, their treaſurer was directed to provide a proper perſon for the adminiſtration of the church offices. The Rev. Thomas Conſett was accordingly invited over, and his ſalary fixed by a regulation made the 12th of November, 1717, at

Archangel, whither the factory had lately removed. In 1723, on the removal of the trade from Archangel to the newly erected city of Peterſburg, their chaplain accompanied the merchants thither; and the factory now confirmed their former eſtabliſhment of an expreſs fund for defraying all expences requiſite for the purpoſes of religious worſhip. Some difference ariſing between the factory and their chaplain, he was diſmiſſed from their ſervice by a reſolution of the 10th of July. To ſupply the vacancy hence ariſing, their treaſurer was directed to write to Robert Nettleton, Eſq. (Governor of the Ruſſia Company) to ſend out a ſucceſſor: few perſons however being willing to abandon their hopes of preferment at home, by an abſence in foreign parts, no eligible application ſeems to have been made, and the factory, weary of delay, ſome years afterward requeſted the court of aſſiſtants to the Ruſſia Company in London to ſtep in to their relief, by nominating a clergyman duly qualified for their ſervice. The choice of the court fell on the Rev. Mr. Philip Lernoult: who, being approved of, continued in the place for ſeveral years. A vacancy again happening in 1742, the factory appointed Mr. John Foſter. On this gentleman's reſignation, which happened a few years afterwards, the Ruſſia Company ſent out Dr. Daniel Dumareſq. He, retiring to England in 1762, it occaſioned a freſh vacancy, which was ſupplied, for a ſhort time, by the Rev. Mr. Erſkine, who happened to be on the ſpot in quality of private chaplain to the Earl of Buckinghamſhire, his Majeſty's miniſter at the court of Ruſſia. The chaplainſhip, with all its emoluments, being offered to him, in perpetuity, he was obliged to decline its acceptance as incompatible with his engagements with the earl. In 1763, Dr. John Glen King was appointed, who filled the office eleven years: when, in 1774, ſignifying his intentions to reſign, the factory, being deſirous of advancing the Rev. Mr. William Tooke, at that time reſident at Cronſtadt, in the capacity of miniſter of the Engliſh church in that iſland, to the church at St. Peterſburg, communicated this deſire to the court of aſſiſtants of the Ruſſia Company, who unanimouſly concurred in the appointment. He held the office for about eighteen years, and reſigned in 1792. The Ruſſia Company now elected the Rev. Mr. Percival, to whom all the emoluments enjoyed by his predeceſſor were continued. In the year 1796, he being ordered a change of climate by his phyſicians, on account of his bad ſtate of health, the factory intimated their deſire to one of their body to requeſt the Rev. Mr. Tooke, their former chaplain, to provide them a ſubſtitute. The Rev. Mr. London King Pitt was, in purſuance of this application, ſent over by Mr. Tooke, and continued to officiate till Mr. Percival's return. The diſorder of the latter gentleman unfortunately ſoon after terminating in his death, the factory

tory ſo highly approved of his ſubſtitute, that they appointed him to the office, which he continues to fill.

There have not been wanting, even among thoſe who were thrown by good fortune into the country, ſuch as have ſhown themſelves extremely ungrateful for the benefits they were admitted to ſhare. During the laſt Swediſh war, ſome examples of this lamentable truth appeared. Among the numerous Swedes that were ſettled in this town in a quiet habitation, and having a comfortable proviſion, either as tradeſmen or in the ſervice of government, ſome ſeduced by a miſtaken patriotiſm, by a ſpirit of intrigue, or by the hopes of making their fortunes, engaged in ſcandalous practices againſt the country that gave them bread, raiſed them to conſequence, and protected them, at the breaking out, and during the whole continuance of a war proſecuted with ſo much bitterneſs and rancour, in the full and undiſturbed enjoyment of the civil advantages they had obtained. The vigilance, the ſpeedy detection, and above all, the moderation and magnanimity with which the government proceeded againſt theſe traitors, afford too ſtriking and memorable a refutation of foreign prejudices and the partial judgement of ſome writers, to permit me to grudge a few lines to an unvarniſhed and true relation of an intereſting incident of this kind.

The ſuddenneſs of the departure of the Swediſh Ambaſſador at the breaking out of the war, obliged him to leave behind him in ſafe cuſtody a part of his papers. A bold and reſolute man, who had been valet-de-chambre to the ſecretary of legation, undertook, ſome time afterwards, the dangerous commiſſion, not only of conveying theſe papers to Sweden, but alſo of ſending intelligence of certain matters which in all countries are conſidered as ſecrets of ſtate, and ſhould be ſo, in many reſpects, during a time of war. Being ſufficiently furniſhed with money, and every other requiſite for ſuch an enterprize, he appeared at Peterſburg in the borrowed character of a merchant dealing in corn, and had the luck, not only to attain a part of his ends, but likewiſe to get as far as Riga with the papers and diſpatches which were the chief purpoſe of his errand. Here, on the borders of the empire, the vigilance of the Peterſburg police overtook him: he was taken into cuſtody, brought back to town, and put under a guard in the houſe of the general procureur. His trial was ſhort, as the proofs of his guilt were ſo clear as to admit of no prevarication: he therefore thought it moſt adviſeable, under theſe circumſtances, to make a voluntary confeſſion of the fact. Upon this his ſentence was pronounced in the following words: "You have committed a crime for which in any other country you would be puniſhed with death: this puniſhment the Empreſs graciouſly condeſcends to remit, in conſideration of the frank confeſſion you have made: and as a further mark of her grace, mitigates whatever other heavy doom you

deſerve, to a removal to a diſtant frontier, where you are to remain till the end of the war, at which time you are at liberty to quit the country." The culprit was ſtruck dumb with amazement; and had not time to recover from his agreeable tranſport, when he was preſented with a bank note of a hundred rubles, and told it was ſent him by a very exalted benefactor, deſirous of alleviating his affliction by that trifling donation. The place of his baniſhment lay in the extremity of Siberia. Here he was ordered to be paid daily a ſtated ſum for his ſupport; which, by ſome accident, never came to his hands: however, among the inhabitants of theſe parts he met with ſome kind-hearted perſons who felt for his diſtreſs, and ſupplied him with neceſſaries. No ſooner was the treaty of peace concluded, than with the account of it came an order to ſet him at liberty. He returned to St. Peterſburgh, made his appearance in the court of juſtice, received the whole amount of his daily allowance paid up to the very day of his liberation, ſet up in trade on this little capital, married a young woman of Peterſburg, and was lately living there, contented and happy, a memorable inſtance of the political toleration of Catharine II.

Great as the ſecurity of Peterſburg is in regard to acts of open violence, yet it is neceſſary for every one to be upon his guard againſt artful impoſtures and deep laid ſtratagems. The frequent inſtances of this kind make the Ruſſians wary, and therefore they are not ſo eaſily made the dupes of their countrymen: but ſo much the more do they make up for this at the expence of ſtrangers and foreigners, particularly when they are not acquainted with the language of the country. The ſhopkeepers and merchants commonly aſk three times, and frequently even five times as much as the commodity is worth: the unknowing offer the half, and think they have made a good bargain, till they find, when too late, that they have been miſerably cheated. To give damaged goods a fair appearance, to defraud in meaſure and weight in an imperceptible manner, to ſlip bad goods among the better that have been bought and ordered home; all theſe, and a multitude of other tricks, no dealers in the world underſtand better than the Ruſſian. As the Ruſſians in general are ſurpriſingly cunning and of quick parts, they are eminently addicted to this ſpecies of induſtry, and the pickpockets of Peterſburg and Moſcow may ſafely lay wagers on their dexterity with thoſe of London and Paris.

Some time ſince the following affair happened at Moſcow, which excited great curioſity both there and at the reſidence; and, on account of its originality, deſerves to be noticed while we are on this ſubject. A wealthy nobleman, well known as a fancier of precious ſtones, fell accidentally in company with a perſon unknown to him, who wore on his finger a ring of great beauty and value. After a long diſcourſe on its real worth, the

nobleman

nobleman offered him a conſiderable price for it; which the ſtranger at firſt refuſed, on the reaſonable ground that he had no deſire to part with it. At length, however, to evade the repeated importunities of the nobleman, he declared that he could not ſell it, becauſe—the ſtones were not genuine. This declaration filled all the company, among whom were connoiſſeurs, with amazement. The nobleman, in order to be ſure of the matter, deſired to have the ring for a few days againſt ſufficient ſecurity; received it, and ran from one jeweller to another, who all unanimouſly pronounced the ſtones to be genuine, and of great value. With this aſſurance, and the hope of a good bargain, he brought back the ring to its owner, who, on receiving it, put it, with great indifference, into his waiſtcoat pocket.

The negociation now began afreſh: the ſtranger perſiſted in his reſolution, till at length the nobleman offered a ſum which was pretty near the true value of it. "This ring," returned the ſtranger, "is a token of friendſhip: but I am not rich enough to reject ſo large a ſum as you offer for it, yet this high offer is the very reaſon of my not complying. How can you, if you are thoroughly conſcious of what you are doing, offer ſo much money for a ring, which the owner himſelf confeſſes to be made up of falſe ſtones?"

"If your determination depends only on that," replied the buyer, "here, take at once the ſum," (laying it in bank notes on the table) "and I call the gentlemen here to witneſs, that I voluntarily, and after due conſideration, pay it."

The ſeller took the money, and gave the nobleman the ring, repeating the declaration, that the ſtones were falſe, and that it was ſtill time to make the bargain void. The latter obſtinately refuſed to hearken to his advice, haſtened joyfully home, and found—what the reader has already gueſſed—that the ſtranger had ſaid what was too true. Inſtead of the genuine ring, he had a falſe one made exactly like the other. The affair was brought into a court of juſtice; but as the ſeller proved, that during the whole buſineſs there was no queſtion at all about genuine ſtones; that the purchaſer expreſsly treated only for a falſe ring, and he on the other hand ſold him only a falſe ring: the judge was accordingly obliged to pronounce in favour of the latter.

The arts of cheating in the articles of proviſions are no where better underſtood than here. Ordinary deceptions of this nature happen in every place: but when one looks at a fowl, which to all appearance is finely fattened, and finds it only filled with wind; or aſparagus, deprived of their eatable part, pointed again and coloured with a tempting verdure; no man will call theſe ordinary tricks.

A lady, who had not been long come out of Germany, and had heard much from her acquaintance at Peterſburg of the many artifices of this nature practiſed in that city, took the reſo-

lution

lution to uſe the utmoſt caution in all her dealings, in order to refute the common opinion, that every ſtranger muſt buy his wiſdom. Several days paſſed on: one morning however a vender of ſmall articles about the ſtreets entered her apartment, and offered her a pound of tea, the laſt remains of what he had to ſell. She weighed the parcel, and found it juſt; ſhe made a trial; the tea was unadulterated, and well flavoured: ſhe ſhook it all out into a baſon; no deceit was diſcoverable. She inquired the price, and offered a third part of what he aſked: the vender was naturally not ſatisfied with this offer; turned his tea back again into the box, wrapped a cloth about it, and crammed it into his boſom, At length the bargain was ſtruck, and the commodity delivered: however, prudence does no harm; the lady opened the box, and ſaw the tea ſhe had bought. She ſhut it up, to the great joy of the ſeller, who in the mean time had aſked her ſmiling, why ſhe was ſo extremely cautious, and why ſhe had ſo very bad an opinion of his honeſty. The money was paid; the man went his way; and ſome days after the box was found full of ſand and grains, excepting the ſurface, which was really good tea.

ACCOUNT *of* SCALPING.

[From Long's Travels in Canada.]

SCALPING is a mode of torture peculiar to the Indians; if a blow is given with the tomahawk previous to the ſcalp being taken off, it is followed by inſtant death; but where ſcalping only is inflicted it puts the perſon to excruciating pain, though death does not always enſue. There are inſtances of perſons of both ſexes, now living in America, and no doubt in other countries, who after having been ſcalped, by wearing a plate of ſilver or tin on the crown of the head, to keep it from cold, enjoy a good ſtate of health, and are ſeldom afflicted with pains.

When an Indian ſtrikes a perſon on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim inſtantly drops; he then ſeizes his hair with one hand, twiſting it very tight together, to ſeparate the ſkin from the head, and placing his knee on the breaſt, with the other he draws the ſcalping knife from the ſheaf, and cuts the ſkin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dextrous, the operation is generally performed in two minutes. The ſcalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the ſun, and rubbed over with vermillion.

Some of the Indians in time of war, when ſcalps are well paid for, divide one into five or ſix parts, and carry them to the

neareſt poſt, in hopes of receiving a reward proportionate to the number.

When the ſcalp is taken from the head of one of their own people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dreſſing it up and painting it with vermillion; they then place it againſt a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the Indians to ſuppoſe it an enemy on the watch; and round the body they ſet ſpears in the ground, ſo as ſcarcely to be diſcernable. The Indians, on ſeeing the perſon againſt the tree, and anxious to make him a priſoner, in the eagerneſs of running, fall on the points of the ſpears, and being diſabled from proceeding, are eaſily made priſoners.

Before I cloſe this ſubject, I ſhall relate an anecdote of two ſavages of different nations, in the time of Sir William Johnſon.

A mohawk, of the name of Scunnionſa, or the elk, and a Chippeway Indian, of the name of Cark Cark, or the crow, having met at a council of war near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were boaſting of their own merits, and ſuperiority in taking ſcalps. The mohawk contended that he could take a larger ſcalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and deſired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each purſuing a different rout, after having firſt agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council.

The mohawk laid down his ſcalp, which was the ſkin of the head and neck of a man ſtuffed with fine moſs, and ſewed up with deers' ſinews, and the eyes faſtened in. The chiefs expreſſed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then roſe, and looking earneſtly at the mohawk, deſired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's ſcalp, which is conſidered as a great reproach, and called to one of his ſons to bring forward his ſcalp; when inſtantly he exhibited to their view the complete ſkin of a man, ſtuffed with down feathers, and ſewed very cloſe with deers' ſinews. The chiefs loaded him with praiſe, and unanimouſly acknowledged his ſuperiority.

The mohawk warrior, fired with reſentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and as ſoon as he ſaw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, diſpatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this daſtardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

OBSERVA-

OBSERVATIONS *on* MACHIAVEL.

"THE PRINCE" of this profound obſerver of human nature is a work, which being diabolical in its principles, it has ingeniouſly been imagined, that the author meant it as an ironical work, like Swift's Advice to Servants, where you are very minutely informed how to do thoſe things which ought not to be done, but which the writer was aware were conſtantly practiſed.

Some of his maxims are theſe: When a man reſolves to injure another, he ſhould do it in ſuch a manner as to cut off all poſſibility of revenge; if the injury is ſlight, he is able to return it; but, if it is done to the purpoſe, it is not in his power.

The prince who would keep poſſeſſion of a new acquiſition, muſt, in the firſt place, take care to extinguiſh the whole family of the laſt reigning prince.

The prince who contributes to the advancement of another cauſes, his own diminution of power.

When Cæſar Borgia inveigled, by reconcilement, ſeveral dukes, and ſtrangled them as ſoon as they entered his palace, Machiavel ſays, that this evinced a great politician, and is worthy of imitation.

He ſays, that in the fable of Achilles educated by the Centaur Chiron, we are to underſtand that a great prince ought to be half man and half beaſt, and make the lion and the fox his pattern.

REMARKS *on* GIANTS.

SIR Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory of the World abounds with very eloquent paſſages. Writing on the giants of antiquity, he gives the whole a very pleaſing turn.

"It is certain that the age of time hath brought forth ſtranger and more incredible things than the infancy. For we have now greater giants for vice and injuſtice, than the world had in thoſe days for bodily ſtrength; for cottages and houſes of clay and timber, we have raiſed palaces of ſtone: we carve them, we paint them, and adorn them with gold, inſomuch as men are rather known by their houſes, than their houſes by them. We are fallen from two diſhes to two hundred; from water to wine and drunkenneſs; from the covering of our bodies with the ſkins of beaſts, not only to ſilk and gold, but to the very ſkins of men. Time will take revenge of the exceſs we bring forth."

AN ANECDOTE.

A Series of ſmall pictures in the ante-chamber to the council-room of Greenwich Hoſpital, repreſent the loſs of the Luxemburgh galley, commanded by Captain William Kellaway, burnt on her paſſage, in 1727, from Jamaica to London, together with the horrible diſtreſſes of part of her crew, who eſcaped in the long-boat, and were at ſea twelve days without any victuals, or a ſingle drop of liquor! Twenty-three were in this boat, ſix only ſurvived. Mr. William Boys, one of the ſix, was afterwards lieutenant-governor of this hoſpital. It is impoſſible for a feeling heart not to be intereſted in the repreſentation of ſuch a ſeries of calamities. The deſtruction of a ſhip at ſea by fire is the conſummation of human miſery.

The FISHERMAN *and his* WIFE.

THEY dwelt in a little hovel by the river ſide, patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, induſtry in his front, and in his eye anticipation—unacquainted with letters, unſkilled in artifice, ſave in the line of his profeſſion; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones. Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by ſpinning ſhe procured ſome few luxuries, but then her "humble wiſhes never learnt to ſtray." It was her ſole pride to nouriſh with tenderneſs her infants; to have a clean hearth, a ſparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. O! curſed ambition! was it not for thee we ſhould all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would ceaſe to devaſtate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

On BENEVOLENCE.

THE admirable efficacy of benevolence in regulating and controuling the ſelfiſh paſſions, and in eradicating the malevolent ones, in ſoftening and refining the temper, and throwing a luſtre over the whole conduct, renders it of the higheſt importance in the human character. Without ſome degree of it, we can neither be qualified to enjoy happineſs ourſelves, nor be the means of imparting it to others. Wrapt up in the narrow circle of our own concerns, and regardleſs of the wants or intereſts of others, we muſt neceſſarily contract a ſelfiſh unſocial turn of mind, which cannot fail of rendering us unamiable, both in the ſight of God and man. A generous enlargement of mind, on the contrary, aſſimilates the human to the divine character, and gives an emblem of Heaven.

Anſwer, by E. Penney, of Aſhburton, to the Rebus, inſerted Auguſt 31.

TO anſwer your rebus, I think it not hard,
The vehicle's a DRAY, the meaſure's a YARD.

*** We have received the like anſwer from G. England, of Lyme; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; A. L. of Poole; J. Squance, P. Gove, W. Strong, and W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Jenkin, of Yeovil; J. M'Ewens, and Henricus, of Plymouth; D. Hayes, of Briſtol; B. C. of Totnes; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; Robert Maffet, of Saltaſh; S. B. and J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; H. Trenchard, J. Guppy, jun. and J. Purſey, of Chard; J. Hancock, of Tilſhead; William Pollard, jun. of Egloſhayle; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by W. Jenkin, of Yeovil, to S. B.'s Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 31.

WATER, doth like mountains riſe,
And roaring billows touch the ſkies.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, William Strong, P. Gove, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter, E. Sherman, of Cornwood; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; Valencourt, of Kenn; J. Guppy, jun. H. Trench, and J. Purſey, of Chard; J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

A REBUS, *by Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh.*

YE amateurs an inſect ſhew;
And one of Pluto's legions too;
A ſcience next with care deſcribe;
A virtue which you ſhould imbibe:
The initials found, and plac'd aright,
A term they'll quickly bring to light.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

MY firſt with horror fills the mind,
Its dire effects appear;
The piteous captive views my next,
Which fills his mind with fear:
Ingenious youths, theſe parts combin'd,
Will bring an officer to mind.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

WHEN Pomona, charming goddeſs!
Comes with plenty in her train,
See my firſt, in varied cluſters,
Deck the fertilized plain.
On my ſecond ſee it growing,
While it bends beneath the weight:
Thus my whole, its gifts beſtowing,
Is is not a pleaſing ſight?

*** *We ſuſpect the letter, ſigned Ann, of Market Jew, does not come from* Ann.
☞ *Poſtage of letters muſt be paid, or no notice will be taken of their contents.*
☞ *Right anſwers ſhould be ſent with enigmas, queſtions, rebuſes, &c.*
☞ *Many communications are omitted on account of their want of merit.*

POETRY.

A SONG.

LET others boaſt the treach'rous art
The heedleſs fair to move;
I bear no baſe licentious heart,
But moſt ſincerely love.

Let paſſion's wild impetuous beat
Their throbbing boſoms fire,
Be mine the mild and genial heat
Awak'd by chaſte deſire!

I will not praiſe thy ſparkling eyes,
Tho' there the graces dwell;
Nor will I ſing with fond ſurprize
Thy bounding boſom's ſwell.

A cheek, a lip, may others gain,
Whom ſenſe alone invites;
But ſhort their joy, allied to pain,
And vain their beſt delights.

Be mine to gaze upon thy face,
And matchleſs beauty find,
Nor there to mark one lovely grace
Unſtampt upon thy mind.

O! can you nurſe injurious fear,
And cold ſuſpicion know!
Let love diſpel the gelid tear
With his own gen'rous glow!

No fabled powers will I atteſt,
That ſuits a man who feigns;
Can his but be an honeſt breaſt
Where your frank virtue reigns?

Let fooliſh men in labour's mine
Honour or wealth purſue,
The happy huſband's arm be mine,
My only treaſure you.

Unenvied, luxury's laviſh board,
Cold grandeur's heartleſs life,
The bloody warrior's impious ſword,
The ſtateſman's crooked ſtrife?

As ſhepherds on a ſea-beat ſhore
View ſailors tempt their fate,
We'll hear ambition's tempeſt roar,
And pity them their ſtate.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The VILLAGE *on the* HILL.

THE plaintive muſe, on fancy's wing,
That ſung of war's deſtructive arms,
Muſt bend to humbler ſtrains, and ſing
Of dear Hilaria's peaceful charms

Oft in the ſilent hours of eve,
When every ſportive breeze is ſtill
The town's tumultuous throng I leave
For thee, "Dear village on the hill."

O were the joys thy peace affords,
Were all thy various pleaſures mine,
I'd ſcorn the glittering pomp of lords,
For bliſs ſo ſure, ſo rare as thine!
How tedious is the city's noiſe!
How ſoft the murmurs of the rill!
How ſtrange the town's deluſive joys
To thine, "Dear village on the hill."

Thy ſpire the morning ſun diſplays
Long ere it gilds the lowland plain;
And modeſt eve's celeſtial rays
Throw their laſt colour on thy fane.
How bleſt would be my envied lot,
Unknown to care and worldly ill,
Could I poſſeſs the meaneſt cot
In thee "Dear village on the hill."

When in the offing's duſky blue
The ſailor's eyes thy ſpire explore,
He bids his tranſient fears adieu,
And gladly hails his native ſhore.
Perchance near thee ſome nymph may rove,
Whoſe looks his ſoul with raptures fill;
And zephyrs waft the ſighs of love
To thee "Dear village on the hill."

Oft o'er thy mead where humble flow'rs
Adorn the paths with roſeate hues;
Oft in thy groves and gloomy bow'rs
On life's deceitful ſcenes I muſe.
But haſt'ning home at night's advance
Methinks I taſte thy pleaſures ſtill;
And caſt a longing, lingering glance
To thee "Dear village on the hill."

INFELIX EDWIN.

To an UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

[From the Works of Peter Pindar.]

SHALL virtue feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her ſoul unheard complain?
Say, will no muſe proclaim the wrong?
Why ſleeps the thunders of her ſong,
While pity mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inſpire,
Of love, the ſoft and chaſte deſire,
And bleſs the nuptial tie;
With every gentle charm of mind,
Can fate, to peerleſs worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to ſigh?

Without a friend, in ſoothing ſtrain
To ſteal thy boſom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the ſnakes of envy hiſs,
While happy at thy vaniſh'd bliſs,
The imps of Hell rejoice.

Yet thro' the cloud that hides thy head,
By calumny's foul venom ſpread,
I mark a golden ray:
Time, on his wing (for juſtice reigns),
To calm thy life's tempeſtuous ſcenes,
Shall waft the ſmiles of May.

Hark! to ſuppreſs the ſwelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear,
"Thy ANNE ſhall rule ador'd;
"On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
"The ſhouts of millions ſhall pro-
"claim,
"Eliza's reign reſtor'd!"

EPIGRAM *on an* EPIGRAM.

ONE day in Chriſt-Church meadows walking,
Of poetry, and ſuch things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if right and good,
"In all its circumſtances, ſhould
"Be like a *jelly-bag*."

"Your ſimile, I own, is new;
"But how doſt make it out," quoth Hugh?
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee
"friend;
"Make it at top both wide and fit
"To hold a budget full of wit,
"And point it at the end."

The Dartmoor Cotter; or the Widow and her Pony.

MORE ſavage than the howl
Of winter on the moor,
His voice, who once a widow drove
At midnight from his door.

The hills were clad with ſnow,
And glimmer'd in the moon,
Which, thro' the clouds, ſeem'd like the ſun
Obſcur'd with miſt at noon.

From noon to midnight hour
The dame her way purſued
O'er hill and dale, o'er moorland wild,
And mountain ſolitude.

Her pony with the cold
Begins to droop and ſink;
The ſnow deny'd him graſs to eat,
And ice, at pool to drink.

The inn is nigh: ſhe knocks,
And calls aloud for aid,
To lift her pony from the ſnow,
Where proſtrate he was laid.

"Away" a voice replies;
Nor has ſhe anſwer more;
But, ſhiv'ring, liſtens to the wind
O'er Dartmoor-foreſt roar.

She thinks of home—ſo far!
With tears, and heaves a ſigh,
When, lo! a ſound of horror ſwells
The gale that whiſtles by.

A hollow groan reſounds,
And ſtops her panting breath;
Alas! her pony's plaintive moan,
Bids her farewell in death!

A cot in ſight ſhe reach'd,
Heartleſs again to knock;
But, at her call, the ſwain unbars
The door, without a lock.

Unlike that publican
Who rudely cry'd, "Depart;"
This cottager compaſſion breathes,
And feels a tender heart.

He lights a blazing fire
To yield her ſweet relief,
And mingles with her tale of woe
His ſympathy of grief.

With morn around the door
The cotter's children ſmil'd,
Or gambol'd in the heath, as blithe
As bees that haunt the wild.

This tale they love to tell
The ſtranger on the green,
And ſhow him where the pony fell,
And where his bones are ſeen.

The father of the dew
Accepts the widow's tears
That drop in pity for the beaſt,
Who ſerv'd her days and years.

W. EVANS.

Taviſtock, April, 1801.

On a Perſon famous for Dullneſs and old Proverbs.

IF trite expreſſions form the wit,
I'll give that title, Tom, to you—
But from my ſoul ſhall ever think
That *parrots* muſt receive it too.

JUVENIS.